Divided

A Social Commentary

Those blues and reds are broken apart
But there's a river of trouble that is right in the middle
A stream of blood flowing and pouring out from the dust of the earth.

The shedder dreams of what was once there
They are now just photos that are black and white,
Looking bleak for a future that we are looking forward too,
And noises drowning out the sounds we hear now made us deaf
But the darkness is out dancing while the light dims.

Give me your hand and let me lead you
To a better way of living.
Let me touch your soul
As a way of giving
Yourself to the cause of right,
To fight what is wrong
Instead of what's right.

There's a grey line in the middle,
There's a grey line in the middle
Yes, in the middle of the air
Because it is up in the middle of the air
There's a grey line in the middle of the air.
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Can you hear the train coming,
In the station of reality,
Thinking outside of ourselves
Like a circle
Yes, that circle called—life.

There are mothers in the streets
Protesting for a wrong turned upside down,
While there's a force out there
Who wants to tear up and tear down
The very fabric of justice we try to keep
But the nation remains divided.

Hungry people everywhere,
Looking for someone to eat
While the government puts a no vacancy sign
On their ivory towers and those who looks down on them,
Like we don't belong,
But treat us wrong
While we crawl on our bellies hungry
Looking for something to eat.

Who am I to get an attitude,

When my woman burnt up my food

While the cost of living picks our pockets clean

While there are some who blows their noses with hundred-dollar bills,

Then disregard them for the next sucker to pick it up.

I look above my head,

And this is what I see---

Buzzards flying over me to pick my dry bones

As I lay helpless.

And while a nation is pulled apart,

Torn asunder with no care and no regrets.

Now meanwhile a nation watches Mr. Smith slaps a Rock

For being funny---ha ha

About his lady's looks,

Then again still torn apart

As a nation rocks and weaves from that punch in the gut.

Those blues and reds are a blur line

But there’s no doubt we are divided,

Separated by race,

Separated by culture

Separated by political affiliation

And now separated to be separated to be separated

But yet divided.

16 Oct.2022